

A SHORT CUT TO WEALTH.  
Invented by two alert, penniless girls, who  
swiftly amassed wealth in a strange manner.  
MY CHILDHOOD IN THE WHITE HOUSE.  
By NELLIE GRANT SARTORIS.  
SPANISH BRUTALITY TO WOMEN.  
Told by MRS. RUIZ. Her own story.  
IN SUNDAY'S JOURNAL.

# NEW YORK JOURNAL

Copyright, 1897, by W. R. Hearst.

NO. 5,236.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, MARCH 18, 1897.—14 PAGES.

PRICE ONE CENT In Greater New York | Elsewhere,  
and Jersey City. | TWO CENTS.

## STEAMER SINKS AT SEA; SEVENTY-SIX ARE LOST.

Only Four Brought Back to Port to Tell How the Ville de St. Nazaire Foundered in a Storm Off the Carolina Coast.

Men, Women and Children Crowded Into the Boats While Mountainous Waves Tore the Leaking Vessel Apart Beneath Their Feet.

In One Longboat at Sea Six Days a Father Saw His Wife and Children Die, and One by One Twenty-nine Men Perish, the Survivors Casting Their Bodies Into the Waters.

When the Schooner Hilda Picked Up This Wandering Craft There Were Four Living, Four Dead, Lying in the Bottom Together—The Steamer's Leak Started One Day Out from This Port for the West Indies on March 7.

The steamer Ville de St. Nazaire, which left here on March 6, has gone down somewhere off the Carolina coast and, as far as is known, only four of the eighty people who took passage on her remain alive. These

most terrible gale. So weak were the four survivors that the Hilda found that they have not yet been able to tell the complete story.

At first the steamer met the storm brave-

hold as to make it certain that the vessel would go down. The fire had been extinguished hours before, and the men had pumped desperately in their endeavors to clear the ship.

were crushed on the deck by the mere weight of the water. Every minute some new part of the superstructure would be torn away.

With the vessel foundering beneath them, and the storm and the seas tearing the ships to pieces about them, it is incredible that any order was kept. But there were good men on board the St. Nazaire and they stood to their orders as well as men could.

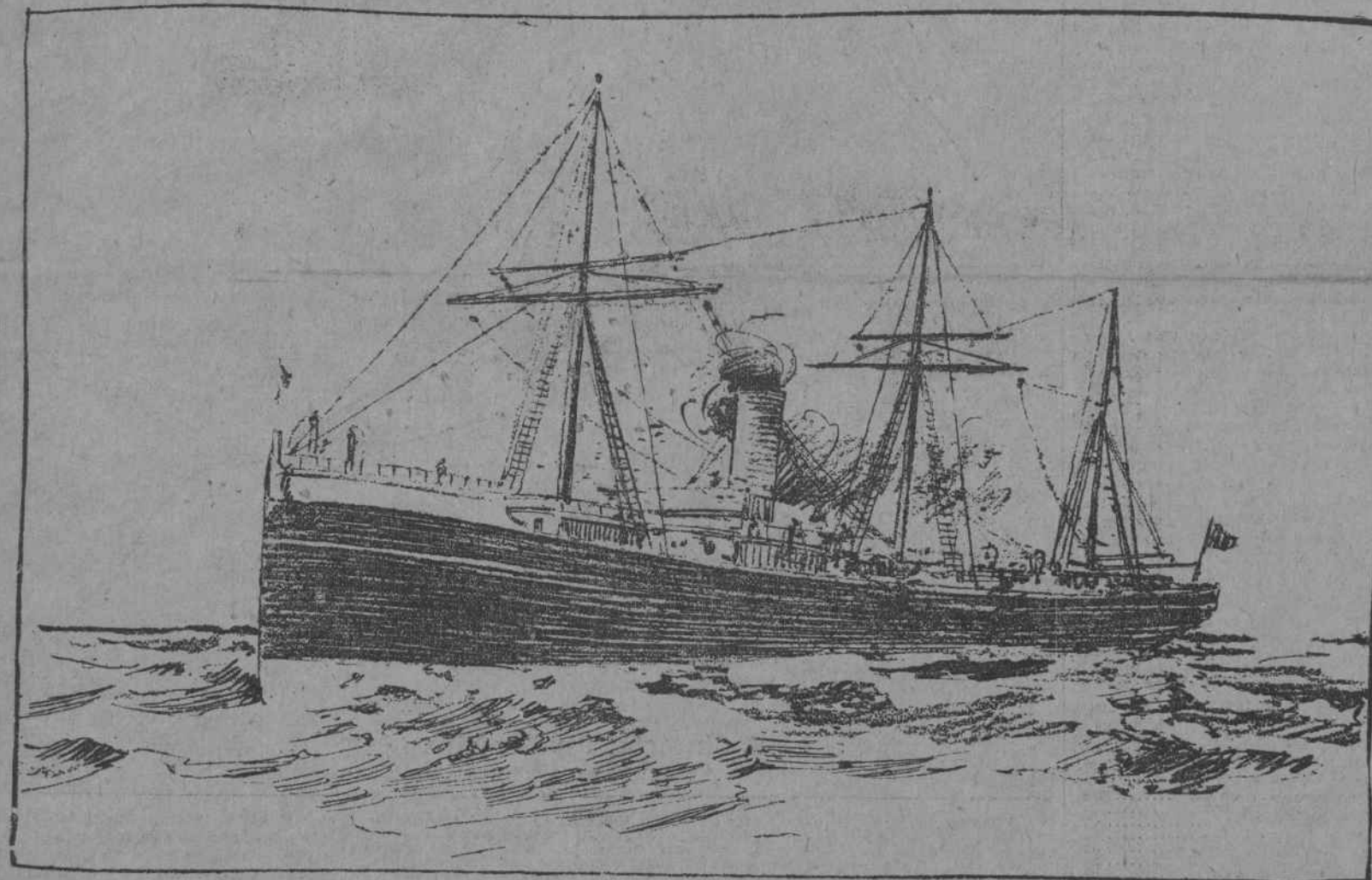
The boat that was picked up by the Hilda was the first to get away. By the captain's order nearly all the passengers were placed in this, as it was the largest and staunchest of the ship's boats. In all there were thirty-seven people on board her. All men except the wife of Juan de Tejada, a Spanish merchant, and his three young children.

This boat was in charge of the supercargo captain, A. Berry, and with them were Dr. Maitre, the ship's surgeon, and Third Engineer St. Sants. These three and the Spanish passenger, Senor Tejada, were the only ones as far as known whose lives were saved. They were the four living men in the boat picked up by the Hilda.

The boat had a narrow escape from being capsized at the moment of leaving the ship. They launched her on a great outgoing wave which swept the crowded boat to its summit in an instant. For a second it hung there, towering high above the wave-swept steamer. It seemed that that moment would never end, so the survivors said. She balanced there, and they knew that if she came down the long green slope to the ship again, that everything would be over.

If she slid down the other slope there was still a chance. Her stern was toward the steamer, and it hung clear of the waves. But a great surge came under and they were swept away from the ship, and, as they hoped, to safety. When they next caught sight of the St. Nazaire they were a hundred yards away and on top of another sea mountain.

They looked back and saw the steamer almost buried in the water. Apparently no one alive was left on her. They saw two or three boats in the water about, but before they could tell if they were clear they sunk into another great green valley and the ship was lost to sight. When they came up again they could make out two boats clear of the hulk. One of them



### VILLE DE ST. NAZAIRE LOST WITH SEVENTY-SIX PERSONS.

The old steamship Ville de St. Nazaire, one of the French Line's West Indian fleet, left this port on March 6 last with eight passengers for Port de France, West Indies. She was commanded by Captain Jaqueneau, and officers and crew numbered seventy-two persons, making a total of eighty on board. The steamer ran into a terrific revolving tempest, which was little short of a cyclone, on March 7. Enormous waves swept the vessel, and two gigantic billows that afternoon smashed in her deckhouses, flooded her cabins and extinguished the fires. The steam and hand pumps were manned, but all efforts were vain. The vessel's doom had been pronounced, and early on March 8, just forty-eight hours after leaving New York, the passengers and crew abandoned the sinking vessel in the four lifeboats, which were soon swept apart by the gale then blowing.

One of these boats, which had contained thirty-five people when she left the steamer, was picked up on March 14 off the Carolinas by the schooner Hilda. In the boat were but four survivors and four dead bodies, those remaining alive being too weak to cast the bodies overboard. The others of the thirty-five had perished one by one of cold and hunger and their lifeless clay cast into the deep. This, too, is supposed to have been the fate of those in the other boats. The Hilda brought the survivors to Perth Amboy yesterday, and on the tug Idelwildie they reached New York last evening.

Four were rescued by the schooner Hilda, after having spent nearly a week on the water exposed to a frightful tempest without food, without water to drink, in the most intense cold.

With them in the boat were four dead men. There were three other boats that left the sinking steamer. There is hardly a chance that any of these have survived the storm, for many vessels traverse that part of the ocean and nothing has been seen of them.

The four living and the four dead are all that were left of thirty-seven men, women and children who took that boat when the steamer was setting to the bottom.

The St. Nazaire was one of the French line to the West Indies. Her commander was Captain Jaqueneau. Her business was principally of freight, but she carried quite a number of passengers. Her crew numbered about seventy-two men, the passengers bringing the total up to about eighty. She was 1,049 tons net burden, and, although not a new vessel, was considered staunch, and there is more or less of a mystery connected with her foundering.

**The Vessel Leaking.** **FASS**

The story of the shipwreck is short. She was not a day out from port when a leak was discovered. It was not supposed to be serious. The pumps were started, and probably the steamer could have been saved had she not at that time run into a

ly. As long as she responded to her helm they could meet the big waves and escape the worst of them. But as the leak gained on them and the vessel sank more and more and the storm increased in violence, mountain after mountain of green water swept over the St. Nazaire, tearing her upper works, extinguishing her fires and breaking the limbs of more than one of her unfortunate crew.

The survivors tell that at times the ship was in a frightful position, with the water towering above her as high again as the top of her stack. The wind tore the tops off these giant waves and the spray was so thick that they could not see across the deck. Tons of water crashed the doomed vessel, which could not, because of the water that came in from beneath, rise out of the trough of the sea. The horrible hammering drove some of the passengers insane.

**Frightful Confusion.**

Just how many were swept off and drowned before they got the boats out nobody will ever know. It was a turmoil and hideous confusion. The discipline of the boat was preserved, but men could do nothing in the face of the double catastrophe. That the boats were launched at all in such a sea is nothing less than marvellous.

It was on the morning of the 8th that the red showed so much water in the

It was no question of officers or passengers or plain seamen then. Everybody that could lift an arm took his turn at the pumps and worked away while the great seas came aboard and drenched them and the piercing wind stiffened the water on their clothes to ice. Then came the getting out of the boats.

**Boat Crushed to Splinters.**

There was worse to come, but these four starved, parched, half frozen men that were picked out of the sea say that at that time they could imagine nothing more dreadful than their condition. The first boat they tried to get out was lifted by a giant breaker that brought it back on board and crushed it like an egg shell, destroying her rail and crippling several men with the splinters.

It was bad enough for the men, but there were women on board and children, too, and their shrieks and prayers made it yet more dreadful.

By this time there was no question but that the steamer would have to be abandoned. The order had been given to put provisions and water in the boats, but it is probable that not half the supply ever reached there. The vessel was settling rapidly, and the seas were coming aboard so heavily that the men could hardly cling to the ship, let alone pass cargo. Barrels of water intended for the boats were swept out of the hands of the men and swirled away into the ocean. Packages

seemed about to go over. They could not tell if the third boat had been swamped or was merely hidden from them in the great tumbling ravines of the ocean.

From here on the story is simple; the terrible history of that one boat. They did not see the other boats again nor did they get another sight of the St. Nazaire. She probably went quickly to the bottom. It did not seem possible that any boat could live in such a sea. She was thrown this way and that, now going up an incline at an angle of 45 degrees and now tumbling back at a still sharper pitch.

They had made shift to lash the passengers fast, but some of the fastenings broke and the children particularly were not strong enough to hold for their lives to the thwart and gunwale.

Somebody, the survivors do not know who, was thrown from the stern of the boat half way to the bow.

He struck on his head and was probably dead before the next sea swept him from the sight of the survivors. Several were drowned as they sat in the boat, and others were crushed and broken by being beaten against the boat's side by the great waves.

**One By One They Died.**

Of course, such a storm could not last long. The wind died down, but left the sea so rough that rowing was impossible.

Continued on Second Page.

## THE GREAT FIGHT DESCRIBED BY INGALLS.

Realistic Picture of the Terrible Knock-Out Blow and Fitz's Fiendish Smile When the Deed Was Done.

To the Ex-Senator All the Members of This National Convention of Pugilists and Their Constituents, Except Fitzsimmons, Seemed to Lack Earnestness, and Brutality Did Not Suggest Itself.

By John J. Ingalls.

Carson, Nev., March 17.—The delegates to the convention began to gather at the coliseum soon after breakfast. The weather was of incomparable loveliness. The Sierras were marble, the sky turquoise, and the wind was tempered to the lambs that were shorn later in the day.

The amphitheatre was like a huge bowl, with tiers of benches ascending from the platform in the centre



### CHAMPION FITZSIMMONS.

Robert Fitzsimmons was born in Elston, Cornwall, England, on June 4, 1862. At the age of nine years his parents migrated to Australia, where he learned the trade of blacksmithing, and incidentally how to box. For eighteen years Fitzsimmons has been before the public as a pugilist, and out of over three hundred battles lost but one fight, to Jim Hall in Australia in 1890.

Fitzsimmons arrived in this country in May, 1890, and eight months later startled the pugilistic world by defeating the famous nonpareil, Jack Dempsey, with the utmost ease. He then met Peter Maher, Jim Hall, Joe Choynski and Dan Creedon, being successful in all of his engagements. In February, 1896, he met Peter Maher for the second time, and defeated him in less than two minutes.

Since his arrival in this country Fitzsimmons has captured \$75,750 in purse money by his victories, and probably as much more by his theatrical and other boxing ventures. His victory of yesterday netted him \$38,000.

to the upper rim. It filled gradually, till by noon it contained an audience of seven or eight thousand well dressed, orderly, decorous, average American citizens. Miners, merchants, farmers, cowboys, ranchmen, lawyers, with some toughs and crooks that, like beasts of prey, follow every crowd, seeking whom they may devour.

There were a few women interspersed among the multitudes, attended by fathers or husbands or brothers. The boxes, which were little pens with chairs near the platform, in which the price of a seat was \$40, were partially occupied by men in the garb of cities, with Van Dyke beards and the aspect of opulence, culture and refinement.

It had been bruited abroad that the event would occur at 10 o'clock, but there was the customary delay, for belated trains, for the kinetoscope or some reason not disclosed, and it was nearly noon by the time the gladiators entered the building. During the interval the audience was good humored and patient. Noted arrivals were greeted with applause, and delegates Sullivan, Sharkey and "One-Eyed Connolly made brief addresses from the platform upon the issues of the day.

The entrance of Fitzsimmons and Corbett, in grotesque bath robes, bare headed, with attendants bearing red fans, bundles of cloths and sponges, buckets and bottles, was like the opening procession in one of Gilbert and Sullivan's operas.

It may as well be said here as elsewhere that the entire performance, with the single exception of the

The Despatches from Fitzsimmons and Corbett, Giving Their Own Versions of the Fight, Will Appear in a Later Edition.